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ABSTRACT

This document is a compilation of 25 pieces of writing presenting Ohio adult basic and literacy education (ABLE) students' perspectives of community and personal history. The items included in the compilation were written by ABLE students across Ohio. The compilation is organized in three sections as follows: (1) people (9 items, including a summary of an interview with a veteran of World War II, several personal recollections of deceased family members, a personal recollection of an interracial friendship in the 1950s, a narrative by a woman whose drug problems forced her to terminate her parental rights, and a woman's description of her children's reactions to meeting Vice-President Al Gore); (2) places (10 narratives, including reflections on growing up in southern Ohio, the history of the restoration of a house that had served as a safe-haven for runaway slaves in the 1850s, the story of a family's move from California to Ohio, a woman's impressions of a restored canal town, and a history of Malabar Farm); and (3) potpourri (6 items, including a personal recollection of the blizzard of 1977, a woman's story of her experiences keeping old Chinese customs in Ohio, and the story of a woman's impressions while watching the Olympic Torch's passage through Ohio). Biographies of most of the ABLE student authors are included. (MN)

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History Untold

Celebrating Ohio History
Through ABLE Students

Ohio Literacy Resource Center

Enhancing Adult Literacy in Ohio

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Foreword

The Ohio Literacy Resource Center presents the second edition of ***History Untold: Celebrating Ohio History Through ABLE Students****. This very special publication is a compilation of Ohio Adult Basic and Literacy Education (ABLE) students' perspectives of community and personal history. These students, along with the support from their teachers, have created literary work to share and present in celebration of their personal journeys. In their voices they have given you personal reflections of historical events they have witnessed or contributed to. The OLRC commends these students for allowing us to go on these historical journeys with them. Additionally, Ohio ABLE students are to be commended and applauded for taking interest in documenting and preserving these historical events.*

Without the help of so many of our supporters, this publication would not be possible. We are grateful for the following individuals and organizations: Dr. Nancy Padak, OLRC; the Ohio Department of Education; the Ohio Bicentennial Commission; the Ohio Historical Society; and the Wallpaper Project.

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Enhancing Adult Literacy in Ohio

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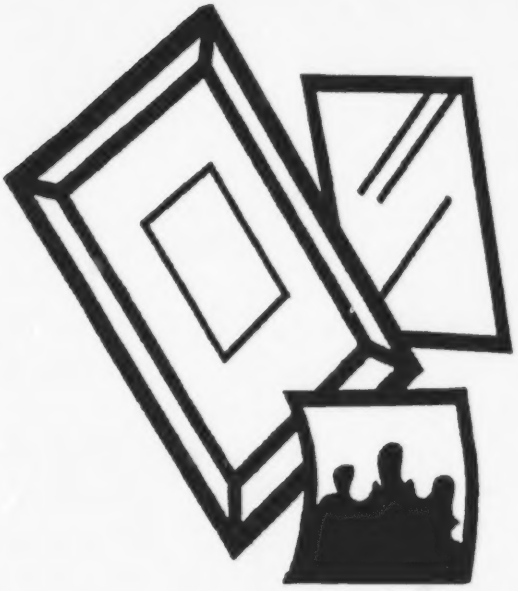
People



ONE IN SIX BILLION

We decided that we wanted to find out more about Ohio history by interviewing one of our classmates. We wanted to try to see history through his eyes. Although he was born in the hills of Linden, West Virginia, he came to Ohio during his teenage years and considers Ohio his home now.

Claude Berry is a man who has been in this world since 1925. He is an ordinary man who has witnessed much in his lifetime. He is not anyone big or famous, but he is a man who has held on to his beliefs for 77 years.

As Claude walked through the heavens and hells of life he found a flower that blossomed in his eyes. Thanks to the love that grew between them and their commitment to one another they have been together for over forty-eight years. They agreed to walk through the thorns of life together because each knew that with the other by their side they would be stronger and better able to protect one another. They have been blessed with two daughters and now two grandsons whom they adore.

Claude served overseas in World War II. He has many interesting stories about his experiences over there. One in particular deals with a situation in which he unknowingly insulted an English woman because he didn't know that the word "sweet" had a different meaning in England.

Claude has always been a hard worker. His work ethic helped him to be successful in all areas of his life. Claude worked at Lennox in Columbus from 1965 to 1992 where he was a foreman.

As a community leader, Claude helped to develop a sports program in his area called the Glenwood Browns. The program, which started in 1967, had football, basketball, and cheerleading. Claude said, "It was my dream for the black community - for the children."

Claude has a very strong Christian faith, and he is a deacon in his church. He enjoys listening to Ray Charles and Stevie Wonder. He played baseball and football. He also enjoyed swimming.

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Claude is a man who has strong ideals and is not afraid to fight for what he believes in. In spite of his age, he stands firm for equal rights, honor and pride. He believes that religion and knowledge have made him the man he is today. Although he still lives in a middle class neighborhood, his happiness with his family and his life today make his heart glow more than any upper class heart that is filled with money demons.

Even though in many ways he is an ordinary man, it is important that his story be told. He is a great man with stories that should not be left untold and unknown. He has said, "I will live a homey and die a homey."

-Nader Kayali & Anthony Jenkins

MY GREAT-GRANNY'S STORY

This is a story about my great-grandmother. She was born Mary Ellen Yeomen on March 2, 1907, in New Holland, Ohio, to Mary Ella and Ottis Yeomen. She was one of four children. She had one sister, Hazel, and two brothers, Ralph and Ervin. Her father was a traditional farmer until he went blind. After he lost his sight he was able to continue farming by using three threshing machines. These were stationary wheat combines powered by steam engines. She had a pretty average childhood and adolescence. When she was around twelve years old she began playing the organ for the silent movies that were being shown at the local theater. She continued playing until she was sixteen and married my great-grandfather.

She married Theodore L. Vincent in 1923, and together they had seven children. When my grandfather was in the first grade they move to Bloomington, Ohio. From there they moved to South Charleston and New Holland. During the Depression my grandpop worked and was the "breadwinner," while my granny raised their family. In 1957, my granny and grandpop divorced and she moved again. She supported herself by giving piano and organ lessons and playing for various churches. She played for the Presbyterian and Methodist churches in Bloomington and the Baptist church in Wilmington. She also played for weddings and funerals. She belonged to The Eastern Star Chapter in New Holland.

Her life was dedicated to her music and her family. She was also very religious. She once belonged to The Church of Christ in New Holland. In 1985 she moved to Mount Sterling, Ohio, where she continued to give piano and organ lessons. She also played for a small church in Mount Sterling. She would remain there for the rest of her life.

My fondest memories of her were going to visit her with my grandparents and watching basketball. I really liked her custard pie, too. She was a great cook. I also remember when I was five or six and my parents and my family went over to my grandparents' to celebrate Christmas. She was there to celebrate with us. She had a family tradition that was called the Christmas Family Dinner. It was a very special dinner that only those who had graduated from high school were invited to attend. It was a chance for her to see all of her kids. My grandfather made it a point to go home for Christmas even after he had moved away. He had promised her when he moved that he would try to come back every Christmas until she was gone.

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The last time I saw her was at my grandparents' 50th Wedding Anniversary Party in October of 2000. I admit that her age was beginning to get the best of her but she was still as sharp as a tack. She remembered everybody and saw the good in all people. She was a wonderful friend, mother, and grandmother to all of us.

On April 8, 2001, I lost this great woman to leukemia. It was a month after she celebrated her 94th birthday. I heard that she did not suffer very long and for that I am very thankful. She was the only great-grandmother I knew.

In December of 2001 the Mount Sterling Library dedicated their music section to my granny. I think she would have loved that because music was her life.

To this day she is missed by her seven children, twenty-four grandchildren, thirty-two great-grandchildren, and five great-great-grandchildren. She was a wonderful woman. I really loved her and truly miss her. Her memory, spirit and voice will live on in all of our hearts for the rest of our lives.

Amylyn Perry

PREJUDICE IN THE 1950's

In 1956, I started the ninth grade at Waverly High School, Waverly, Ohio. That year a colored girl rode the bus for the first time. She was friendly and nice. I liked her and she liked me as a friend.

I found out my dad and her dad knew each other. They were friends. They had been friends for a while. Her dad delivered milk in those tin milk cans with lids that fell down inside of the cans with handles. Dad told us to be friends with the colored girl.

My sister and I would be her friends. We started school together. We sat in the front of the bus with her and went to school. The other girls and boys didn't like it but I didn't care. I knew what was right and wrong. You love everybody, no matter what color, but the others didn't care too much for it. I didn't care what they thought.

They didn't like the way we dressed or acted. I dressed the way Dad and Mom told me to. They were the boss. We laughed together and got along fine together. In school they thought we were not as good as they were. They thought they were better than my sister, our colored friend, and me. It is all worth it with the love of our Lord.

-Faye Shears

HOLD YOUR HEAD UP

I lived in Columbus, Ohio, for ten years and all of my life I felt like I had bad luck. One day I was walking down the street and this man told me to keep my head up and something good would happen. As the day went on, I waited for something to happen. Nothing happened. I started wondering what did he mean by that? Should I hold my head up right at that very moment, or did he mean later on down the line?

When I turned fourteen years old, I started going to middle school. At first, I thought school was going to be fun. When I walked into my classroom, I felt like everybody was looking at me. I met a lot of friends. My teacher was nice. She used to let me read to the class all the time. One day she told the whole class that we needed to write a play. I picked three people to be in it, but they didn't even show up, so I had to act out everybody's part including my own. I did a real good job. I was a little nervous, but after a while I went crazy with poetry and singing. I ended the talent show and sang "One in a Million." I won second place. Once people knew I could sing they were asking me to sing just about every day.

When I went to another Middle School, I found myself reading and writing a lot more, and I had more new friends. I talked to the teachers about letting me have my own peer mediation class. They let me do it. Over thirty people signed up. My program was mainly about how to handle situations in their homes. People took heed to what I was saying. Some of them came to see me talk or just to get out of class. I also talked about how to say "No" to drugs. I kept a lot of people motivated to do more work in class. I saw more people coming to school. A lot of people were starting to turn their lives around, but most of all my poetry really motivated. It had grown women in tears. I just love reading and talking to people about their problems. That was a really fun year.

Last summer I moved to Virginia. My aunt owned a flower shop in Washington, D.C. I learned all types of new things. I learned how to make flower arrangements, casket sprays, standing spray baskets, fruit baskets, wedding flowers, etc. I learned the names of flowers like carnations, birds of paradise, roses, daisies, baby's breath, monkey's paw, etc. I had fun, and the best part was I got paid every day. The bad part was that I had to come back home to Ohio, but it turned out good. I'm back in school and studying for my GED and working.

Now, I guess that's what the man meant by "Keep your head up." Even when times get rough, you still have to keep a smile and your sense of humor.

-Denise Hanks

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A FRESH START

Many people make mistakes and unfortunately I was one of them. I was one of those people who didn't care about anything. Then one day I realized that I had done something wrong and I was sorry for it. As much as I wanted to make things right, I couldn't.

I am from Texas. When I was younger I got involved in drugs. I thought that it was my business what I did and I didn't think there would ever be any real consequences. But I was very wrong.

I got pregnant with my first child. She was born premature and Child Protective Services wouldn't let me take her from the hospital because they didn't think I could take care of her. They told me I had to do periodic drug testing, go through rehab, and therapy. I did all they asked me to do.

They made arrangements for me to live at the Transitional Living Center. I was trying hard to get my life together so that I could have my baby, Heidi, permanently. While at the Transitional Living Center I became pregnant with my second child, Sharon. Sharon was also premature. This time it was stress, not drugs, that brought on the early labor.

Things were going somewhat better when I got a toothache. The dentist gave me Tylenol 3. This showed up in one of my drug tests. Without doing any investigating they kicked me out of TLC and took both of my babies away. I had to go to court to prove that the drugs were medicinal, which I did. The court placed my children and me in a foster home.

I thought that my lawyer was there to help me, but I was wrong. Between the judge and the lawyer I was told I needed to give up my rights to my children because I would never be able to take care of them. I did everything the court wanted me to do, but it wasn't enough. In December of 1999, I gave up all rights to my children because they told me I had no choice. It was the hardest thing I have ever had to do.

I always thought I had a family that would be there for me, but when I really needed them, they acted as if I wasn't even there. This has made me learn to take care of things myself. I've been alone and I am not afraid of it anymore. I've learned over the years that sometimes it is good to have someone to talk to and sometimes the people you trust betray you.

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I left Texas a broken woman. I hoped that distance would help to heal my heart. My boyfriend and I lived in our car for a while. One night we got a room in a motel so that we could shower and cleanup. The manager of the Days Inn at I-70 West Broad St., Columbus, took an interest in us and allowed us to stay at the motel while we got on our feet. I cleaned rooms while my boyfriend looked for a good job.

With time and hard work I have been able to get an apartment and provide a home for my child and myself. Ohio has given me a great opportunity to start my life all over again. This is something I will never forget. I am glad I came to Ohio and I'm proud of myself because I did it all by myself.

Life is better now than I ever thought it could be. I came from Texas with nothing. Now I have a home in Grove City for my son and myself. I have only called my family once to tell them I didn't need their help – I did it on my own.

Ohio has been good to me. I am very glad that I am here. I am happy to have my son, Andres, but there is still a hole in my heart that only seeing my girls will ever fill. I did what I thought I had to do. If somehow my daughters should ever get to read this I want them to know I tried my best and that they are always in my heart. I am waiting for the day I can see them again. I love them with all my heart.

-Denise Salais

VICE PRESIDENT AL GORE

In the year 2000, a historical event happened right down the street from me. The Vice President of the United States, Al Gore, visited my children's school, Avondale Elementary, in west Columbus.

It was a very chaotic day. We were told not to park on our street for this was where the teachers were to park. I had two children attending Avondale at that time. They kept going to the door and watching all the activity, while I was trying to get them ready for school. After they were dressed, my family stood in the doorway watching the policemen on horseback, teachers walking to school, and the secret servicemen everywhere. My daughter, Mary, was especially excited when she saw the secret servicemen walking around on the roof of the school.

When Mr. Gore arrived, he spent the night with one of our kindergarten teachers, Mrs. Fadley. He rode to the school with her, and we saw them as they drove by. He ate breakfast with all the children in the cafeteria. He also went around to different classrooms and talked to the whole school during an assembly.

After school, a couple of the children walked him over to Gladden Community House. The excitement still had not died down after school. The parents were not sure if they were to pick up their children or not. They still had several of the streets blocked off.

When the children arrived home, they had so many stories to tell. This is a day our family will never forget. I am sure my children will tell this story to their children and their grandchildren.

-Rebecca Robinson

BUCKEYE BETTY

A long time ago a fourteen year old girl, known as "Buckeye Betty" lived with her parents and brother on Forest Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, in the late 1930's. Buckeye Betty loved Ohio State football. She listened to the games on the radio. One year Betty got mad during the big game because the Buckeyes lost to Michigan. She turned the radio off and her family turned it back on. Every time this happened, Buckeye Betty was taken to the kitchen to calm herself down. Her trusty beagle dog, Willie Elizabeth, went with her.

Buckeye Betty today has a family of two wonderful daughters and a wonderful husband.

Buckeye Betty is my mother, Elizabeth Lones!

-Marcia Lones

SAM

My name is Sam Tolliver. I was born in 1938 in my home on First Avenue in Urbancrest, Ohio. I come from a family of five brothers and sisters in addition to myself. I have lived in Urbancrest all my life.

Over the years there have been many changes in Urbancrest, both personal and not so personal. When I was a young man, I remember not even having a lock on our door. Today, I have to have a lock on my door and I still worry about my house being broken into.

Our houses back then were small with only four rooms - two bedrooms, a living room and a kitchen - and of course, an outhouse. Today, the houses in Urbancrest have been made up-to-date and are much larger.

I also remember having church services every night except Saturdays. Today you are lucky to have it twice a week. There used to be only a couple of churches to attend. Today there are many to choose from.

Times have changed for the old school house since my younger days also. The schoolhouse is so much larger than it was back then. I remember having school in one building for everyone from the first through the eighth grade. There were four rooms in the building. Each room had two grades in it.

I have had a good life. If there was one thing that I would have changed, though, it would be that I wish I had married. But that's a part of my history that I have to deal with.

People are basically the same in Urbancrest as they were when I was growing up. There are just more of them. Urbancrest just keeps on growing and changing, and so do I.

-Sam Tolliver & Lisa Wright

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MY MOTHER

Although my mother died when I was only a young child, I feel her loss very deeply even today.

When I look at pictures of her I see pain etched in her face. This pain was real and followed her from the time she was sixteen. It was at this time that a family friend raped her. Her father refused to believe her and she ran away. With no other place to go she moved in with her boyfriend. When she found out she was pregnant, her boyfriend left her because he couldn't believe that the baby was his. He thought it was a result of the rape. He left her and the baby at the house because they had no where else to go.

My mother had blonde hair and blue eyes and was about five feet nine inches tall. She was a little chubby but very pretty. She always made people laugh by making funny faces. She was a very strong person in spite of all that she had been through.

Her face showed the life she had lived. Even as she grew older her life was filled with heartache and pain. When she died at the age of thirty-five she left eight of her children behind. She also left the man she loved behind.

If her father had believed her, her life would probably have turned out very different and she would not have been so depressed all the time.

At the time my mother died she was having my little brother. During childbirth my mother had a heart attack and it killed both her and my little brother. They both died on Father's Day in 1992. After my mother passed away the sins of that generation were passed on to me. Everything that happened to my mother has happened to me. My mother was a very caring and loving woman despite the hard life she had. All of my family wishes she were here today.

-Cassandra Harlach

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Places

REFLECTIONS ON GROWING UP IN SOUTHERN OHIO

When I was a little girl in Southern Ohio, I had a lot of adventures. For one thing we had a lot of snakes. We had copperheads, black snakes, and tree rattlers. Fortunately, I never got bit. Whenever I would go outside to play my grandmother would always remind me to watch where I walked. To this day when I am walking around outside, I find myself looking down at the ground – a habit that has helped keep me safe.

I was somewhat of a tomboy and loved to do all the things the boys did. I used to climb trees, swing on a rope, and play softball.

I can remember helping my grandfather by carrying hay doodles home to help keep the cow fed during the winter. I would go to a hay field about a mile away and stick my pitchfork straight down into a pile of hay. I then would carry it home over my shoulder. It took many trips to keep our cow fed.

One particular Halloween the neighborhood kids were out for mischief. The Bishop boys tried to knock over our outhouse. When they were unable to knock it down they decided to fill the inside of the outhouse with the hay doodles I had carried for our cow. Imagine my surprise when I discovered all the hay when I was hurrying to use the outhouse the next morning. My grandfather had to dig a path so we could get in.

Another very fond memory I have is attending the old one-room schoolhouse. We would ride the "school bus" – an old car with a wooden bumper on which was painted the words School Bus.

Our teacher was Miss Edna Dirth. We would sit in desks facing each other and do our seat work until we were called up front to the recitation bench to go over our lessons with the teacher.

I have so many fond memories of growing up in Southern Ohio. I know that a big piece of my heart is buried there in Vinton County. It was a hard time but a good time. We didn't have to deal with the things that kids are forced to deal with today.

-Ida E. Osborn

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MOVING TO OHIO

I was introduced to the Ohio lifestyle when I was twelve years old. My mother, two younger sisters and myself moved to Brittany Hills on the north side of Columbus. It was very difficult adjusting to Ohio after living in Detroit, Michigan.

It was very difficult to leave my family and friends and all that I was used to and come here. I was afraid because I didn't know anyone down here. The school system especially was a shock. It was very different from what I was used to. For one thing it seemed that the Ohio schools were further behind. I had to do things that I had already done. The main difference though was that in Detroit the schools were not as integrated as they were in Ohio. It was a very big adjustment to attend school with people from many different cultures.

Last, but not least, was the difficulty of living with people I didn't know. When we first came down, we lived with my mother's boyfriend's family. We had to watch everything we said and did because we didn't know how they would react to us.

Even though it was a difficult move, I can now say that Ohio is a great place to live. Most of my family has now relocated to this area and we are all living here very happily.

-Karlita Love

RESTORING OF THE GAMMON HOUSE

The Gammon House is a historical house, that was used as a safe-haven to shelter runaway slaves before the Civil War in the 1850s. John Gammon , a free black man in Champaign County, Ohio, and his wife Rebecca were charter members of a Methodist church in Urbana, Ohio.

George and his wife, Sarah (Sallie), had seven children and he worked as a carpenter. He built his home there. They used their home to help furnish clothing and food for the underground railroad slaves.

The underground railroad got its name from stories told that as a slave owner was pursuing his runaway slave across the Ohio River on the Ohio side, the owner lost track of the slave and made a remark that they must have jumped on an underground railroad train to have disappeared so fast. The title caught on. The city of Springfield and Ohio Historic Preservation refers to the house as an underground railway station. History of URR is published in American Mysteries and Daughters of Jerusalem, written by Thomas W. Burton, M.D. published in Springfield, in 1925. He obtained a lot of information on the Gammon House, through the daughter of George and Sarah Gammon.

Cornelia S. (Gammon) Henderson, tells many stories of their mother and father helping a train load of runaway slaves during the night.

The house is still standing and restorations are being done. I have had the privilege of having the house in my family tree.

My uncle, William Daniels, purchased the house in the early 1990s. He passed away and left the property to his friend who is now fulfilling my uncle's dreams to restore the house for its history, so that people would not forget the history of Uncle George and his wife Aunt Sallie for their efforts to help people in bondage, and the dream lives on. Free at last, thank God Almighty, we're free at last.

-Karla Howard

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STARTING OVER IN OHIO

My husband and I moved to Ohio from California and lived with my aunt for two and a half years. Then, we went back out to California to get our children. We flew back to Ohio with our children. We met a wonderful couple. We worked for them for five years. Our children got sent back to California and we moved out of our aunt's house. Our daughter told us to call Shirley and Ed. I called them and they came over and helped us move to their house. Ed got my husband, Vence, a job at the hospital. We looked all over Franklin County and found a house. They bought the house for us and Shirley put a letter in the Booster newspaper to tell the people of Columbus that we were just starting out here in Ohio. Then people in Ohio donated the things like furniture, sheets, kitchen appliances, a bed, a couch, etc. All of this helped make me happy and excited. Now we both have full time jobs. I just passed my driver's test and got my Ohio driver's license. I'm going to school and hopefully in June, we will have our children back home in Ohio.

- Ruth Villarreal

ROSCOE VILLAGE

In the spring of 2001, I was privileged to visit Roscoe Village along with two of my classmates and our teachers. Roscoe Village is a restored canal town near Coschocton, Ohio. This trip was the result of an essay contest we had entered. This trip was an experience I will never forget.

As I walked back in time, I began to get a glimpse of what life was like for our forefathers. It had been a rainy day and it was still somewhat drizzling as we approached a canal boat. This boat and the story of what life was like for the people who lived and worked on it were truly amazing to me. I had never before considered what their lives would have been like.

The sanitation issues were very disturbing to me. I thought, "How could anyone have lived that way?" Then I realized that they didn't know any better. They did their cooking in little pots that hung from the side of the boat. These pots were heated by coal. These same pots were used to heat the water they used to wash themselves. I discovered that when they had to use the rest room they used buckets and then dumped it overboard into a canal or river.

People were not the only passengers on these canal boats. Horses were also kept on the boats and their wastes were also dumped overboard.

Once we left the boat and went into the village itself, we visited a one-room schoolhouse. Paper was not available to them so they had to do their work on pieces of slate. I saw that there were all kinds of homes in the village. Some of the people were wealthier than others, but all of them worked very hard.

I had never visited an historical village like this before. I began to understand just how difficult their lives were. This experience has made me appreciate even more the time and day in which I am now living. It gave me a new outlook on life and for that I am very grateful. I am looking forward to taking my children there someday.

-Treva Jackson

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CEDAR LAKE
THE OLDEST MAN-MADE FISHING LAKE IN OHIO

I would like to tell you some history about a man-made fishing lake in the State of Ohio. It is located in Goshen, Ohio, Clermont County. This lake was dug and owned by he Jones family in 1936. I chose to write history on this lake because it has so many unique things about it.

It is called Cedar Lake; it ranges in depth from one foot at the bank, up to thirty five feet in various other parts of the lake. It holds the record for the biggest catfish, shovelhead, blue cat, carp, trout and burbots. When fishing this lake for these types of fish, you must use different techniques, and different types of baits. Depending on what you are fishing for, on the time of year, and the temperature of the water, you need to decide what type of bait to use, as most fishermen or fisherwomen would know.

The fish in this lake range in weight from ½ lb.-120 lbs. You could catch any size. This family has put a lot of time and money into making this lake what it is today in the year 2002. In 2000, they pulled out all the fish, drained the lake, and dug it deeper, to make it bigger to hold more fish and make for better fishing. When you catch a fish from this lake, you must throw it back, except for small channel cat to pan fry. The owners pay you to return the fish to the lake. They pay what they call a "bounty" on the fish, adding up to one dollar ($1.00) per pound. You place it on a scale, then release it back into the lake.

This lake also has a big building which the family lives in on the lake. This building has a big building on the front, which is called a bait house. Here you purchase bait, tackle and several other items needed to fish. You may also trade in your old fishing gear on new supplies. They have a restaurant inside with great food. You can order your food, go back to your spot to fish, and they will page you over a public address system when it's done. This comes in handy when you are fishing for money; time can be a big factor. I will get more into that on the next page.

This is a family operation; all the children pitch in to work this lake to make it a success. I, myself, have fished this lake many times. The all-night fishing is the most fun. Also, more fish seem to be caught at night after the sun goes down. People like myself have stood out in pouring-down thunderstorms to fish. These are people who really take their fishing seriously.

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The Jones family also decided several years ago to start up a business buying semi-trucks and installing big tanks on them to deliver and transport fish to other Ohio lakes, as well as lakes in other states.

To fish this lake you must purchase a fishing ticket; the cost is eight dollars ($8.00) per person. You may only use two fishing poles per ticket.

Here comes one of the great things about this lake: you can win lots of money, prizes, even new cars. They hold a one hundred dollar ($100.00) jackpot every weekend. Every Friday, Saturday and Sunday, if you catch the biggest fish of the day on a regular eight dollar ($8.00) ticket, you win one hundred dollars ($100.00). They also hold a Super Jackpot that ranges from five hundred dollars ($500.00) to five thousand dollars ($5000.00) and more depending on when someone wins it. You must catch a fish 45 lbs. or over to win the Super Jackpot.

They also hold tournaments on holidays, giving away lots of cash and prizes every hour of the day. They sell raffle tickets for one dollar ($1.00) for a chance to win new fishing poles, free passes, hats and T-shirts. On the big tournaments, they only sell so many tickets at one hundred dollars ($100.00) each. This is where you could win a new Corvette, or another kind of new car; or you can take the cash, which usually is around ten thousand dollars ($10,000.00). It is your choice.

You may fish this lake year round. Winter fishing is a lot different that summer fishing, and of course a lot colder. Sometimes you have to cut holes in the ice in order to drop your hook. Trout is the fish of choice in the winter season. There are several different types of trout, which come from up north. So when the temperature is cold, the fish you usually catch in the summer bury themselves in the bottom of the lake, down into the mud and into the deep rock holes. until warm weather comes again.

There is a lot more to tell you about this great lake. If you ever have the opportunity to go fish here, you should give it a try. It is a friendly and nice place, family owned. The family welcomes everyone with a warm, friendly, smiling face. It is a really good time if you like to fish. It is relaxing and peaceful. The Jones family works hard to keep this lake going and to make it what it has become today. They travel to conventions, sports shows, etc., to sell fishing materials and teach people about fishing. They have had many articles written about them in a variety of newspapers and magazines.

I would like to dedicate this history to the one who started this great lake. which would be Bill Jones, the deceased father. His loving wife Joanne. still works hard keeping up with all the grandchildren and helps out a lot in the

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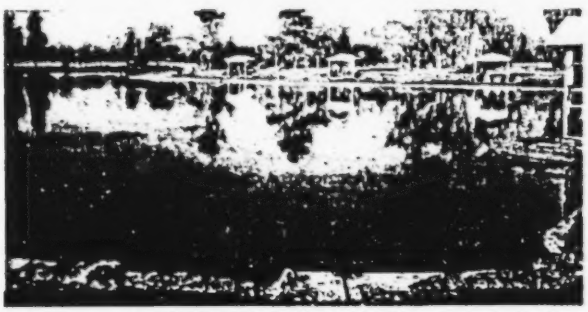
store. Monica Jones, daughter, takes care of the daily operation, carrying on the tradition started by her late father. And Danny and Kent Jones drive the trucks that haul the fish. Without them, the lake would not have become the great success that it has. This lake will remain in the Jones family, being passed down through the generations.

This lake is well known in the state of Ohio—Cedar Lake, the oldest man-made lake in the state, a favorite of many.

-Vickie Hargraves

Vickie Hargraves holding a 21 lb. 8oz. Shovelhead caught at Cedar Lake



Cedar Lake - Goshen, Ohio

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MALABAR FARM

Malabar Farm is a place of peaceful surroundings. It has a long history. Malabar is now an Ohio State Park where people of all ages can go to see how a farm works; they can also see how it got started. In the big house Malabar gives tours on the estate and shows who stayed there at times in the different rooms.

The Farm started in the spring of 1815. "At the age 52, Revolutionary War hero, Colonel MacDougal, left his comfortable home in Maryland to start a new life in Ohio wilderness" (DeVault, 1996, p. 2). Mr. MacDougal called it The Farm.

In 1938, Louis Bromfield lived with his family for 15 years in Europe. It was a bleak time for Europe because it was on the verge of the second world war. Mr. Bromfield had a 50-year lease on an eighteenth century stone house and some land with it. Mr. Bromfield later found out that Germany had used that path twice to invade Paris. The family didn't feel all that safe anymore even though they loved the place. They knew their grandchildren wouldn't come to see them there (DeVault, 1996).

Louis Bromfield told his wife and children to leave Europe. They went to live with his parents in Mansfield, Ohio. Mr. Bromfield stayed behind to give as much help as he could in Europe. His comrades, after a while, persuaded him to return to America to warn them of the German uprising and growing threat (DeVault, 1996).

When Mr. Bromfield met up with his family once again, they went looking for their home. They had been driving for a while. When he came off Pinhook Road, the whole valley covered by snow lay before them. They had been driving all afternoon in the southern parts of Richland County looking to find Pleasant Valley Road, which he vaguely remembered from 30 years earlier. He truly felt that he was home (DeVault, 1996).

Mr. Bromfield later changed the name The Farm to Malabar Farm. Mr. Bromfield would roam the countryside at election time talking to people he knew or just came across. People thought he might have changed because of his living in Europe but later found that he was just a regular dirt farmer like themselves.

Mr. Bromfield's fame from scads of books, magazine articles, and newspaper articles was widely syndicated. Every Saturday morning NBC radio would

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broadcast his "Voice from the Valley" program. Bromfield was the best known and most loved American farmer (DeVault, 1996).

The house that was built, known as the "big house," was made for everyone's enjoyment. It had 32 rooms and a "Hollywood mystique." The house brought many well-known stars like James Cagney, Joan Fontaine, Errol Flynn, Shirley Temple, and many more. Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall were married at Malabar Farm on May 21, 1945, where Mr. Bromfield was best man (DeVault, 1996).

Today, Malabar Farm is an Ohio State Park with more than 180,000 visitors a year. This big house is kept the way it was built, so people can tour it and see how the house really was in earlier years. Malabar Farm has special events at times, too. Today, Malabar Farm is a working farm, so Mr. Bromfield and his family can still be proud of it.

-Mike Gecsedi

DeVault, George (Ed.). (1996). Return to Pleasant Valley. Chillicothe, Illinois:

The American Botanist.

NICE TIMES AT THE GREEK FESTIVAL

I was asked out to the Greek Festival in Columbus, Ohio, last year. I went with my friends John, Karen, and Roger. It was the Labor Day weekend.

This was my first time attending this festival. We ate some Greek food. It was very filling but delicious. My favorite foods were the desserts! There was one that was a pastry. It was called Baklava.

After we ate, we played some carnival games. Although I did not win anything, I had a great time trying! We saw some handmade crafts. Most of the crafts were for sale. I saw some horse puppets.

I liked the Greek costumes. My favorite part of the festival was the Greek dancing. We learned several dances. I had so much fun that I want to go back next year!

-Marcia Lores

CALIFORNIA TO OHIO

When I first moved to Columbus, Ohio, I was thinking, "Why am I going to a new state?" I really didn't understand why because I was happy in California. Maybe it's because of the violence and all the people getting killed 24 hours a day, and you can see people selling drugs on the streets.

I guess I should tell you the real reason why, because life on the streets is not what you are looking for. This is the real thing. You might be wondering why I want to write about life on the streets. It is not like a lot of people know what it is like living on the streets. Some of you might think all of this is crap, but I'll tell you one thing, I'd rather die than be living on my knees.

The person who told me this is no longer with me. He passed away on December 25, 1998. It has been three years since he died. He was a priest of a small church of Oakland, California. His name was Ben Haros. He was an ex gang member. He gave up the gang because he saw how life was back in his day and it hasn't changed since then. I think it's time for us to start making some changes...the way we eat and the way we treat each other because I haven't seen any progress.

I'm 21 years old and I'm from Tracy. It's located in the crazy town of Oakland. The reason why I wrote this is to show you just how life is in a society like this. I hope men and women like me don't make the same mistakes. Get out of this gang life! Take it from me because I was there and I know how hard it is and even harder if you have a kid to take care of.

Now that I'm living in Ohio, it's kind of a relief because you can go anywhere you want without being afraid of getting shot or robbed. I think Ohio is a peaceful state for somebody from California or New York because you don't see anything bad on the news. I'm glad to be in Columbus because I can spend time with my family and friends. I don't have to "watch my back" twenty-four hours a day. I can walk around downtown without having to worry about anything.

I'm starting to like Ohio. When I first came I couldn't get used to the weather. Face it, somebody from sunny California is not going to get used to the weather just like that! I haven't seen a lot of places where somebody can have fun, but I don't worry about having fun. The only thing I care about is getting my GED so I can be somebody. I would like to go back to California for a moment, but I have to make a sacrifice.

-Yves Perez

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Potpourri

WITHOUT SCHOOL - BLIZZARD OF 77

Some people don't remember the winter of '77 here in Ohio when the weather was so bad that we had to have "Schools Without School." All over Ohio, schools were closed that winter because of the blizzard that was sweeping across Ohio at the beginning of that year.

I remember how it rained real hard all week, and then the temperature dropped down so fast that the rain was freezing. It was so cold that all of the streets were frozen solid. Then it started to snow real bad...so bad you couldn't see outside. My nephew and I watched the news that night to see if the schools were going to be closed the next day. They were closed that next day too! I'm telling you, the weather was bad all over the state of Ohio, not just in Columbus... I mean all over the state.

We stayed out of school a few days until they opened back up again. Because the blizzard had done so much damage to the roads, to people's homes, and to the electricity, businesses and schools were closed. Because of the power outages, a lot of schools stayed closed in Ohio. Here in Columbus, the school board got together and came up with a plan for the public schools. Because of this decision, it was possible for me to continue my education. I was in junior high school that year, and I was bused to school. Because of the heating problems, we were bused to the nearest high school. This was like clockwork every day for a couple of months. At that time of winter, kids really didn't want to go to school, but the parents were very supportive of the decision. I didn't know then, but I understand now that the decision was for the better. The school board knew that "a mind was a terrible thing to waste!"

-Guy Bridgeforth

KEEPING OLD CHINESE CUSTOMS IN OHIO

I've lived in Columbus, Ohio, for over a half century. I came from China. I still follow Chinese customs of cooking special dishes and pastries to celebrate our New Year. It's the same as Americans cooking sauerkraut and pork. (In Ohio, people eat certain foods on New Year's Day to bring good luck, prosperity, health, etc.) We put oranges and tangerines on the table for good luck, and we make a fried round pastry with sweet rice flour to represent how the family is always together. All of the customs have a good meaning. If your children live in the same town, everyone comes home to eat the New Year dinner. It's the same for Christmas.

The Columbus Chinese Christian Church organized a senior group a few years ago. Our seniors celebrated the Chinese New Year on Saturday, February 16th. Every senior was greeting each other with, "Happy New Year," and "have good health!"

The program chose two people to talk about the old history of the Chinese New Year in China. I was one of them. I talked about New Year's unusual customs in our village. I married my husband, Gim Jay in 1948. His village had a rather unfavorable custom. Every January 1st to 15th, at any time, the children intruded into the new brides' houses and threw firecrackers around the floor of the bride. The children went crazy!! They didn't care about you. They scared everybody. They waited until my husband wasn't home.

I was hiding in the bedroom most of the time, but one day my father-in-law tried to give my husband a new marriage name. (That was an old Chinese custom.) He asked me to come out to discuss the new name's meaning. I just walked out into the living room. I was there not too long, when more than fifteen children and women intruded into our house. All of them threw many big firecrackers at my feet. I was scared to death!! My father-in-law spread both his arms to protect me. I was hiding behind his back. When he turned around, I followed him and turned around too. When I saw my father's side of the family come in, I flung onto them and cried badly. They thought my mother-in-law or my husband had treated me not so nice.

Later some of the women told me that when my husband was a kid, he was one of the stronger ones throwing the firecrackers. That's why they came to my house, but it was not my fault. That's why the people took revenge on me. After the senior program at church, we were all laughing. We were all enjoying delicate pastries and tea. Everyone was so happy!

-Jan Jay

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THE OLYMPIC TORCH

On January 2, 2002, my mom, my cousin Tammy and I were scheduled to return to our GED classes after the holiday break, but classes were canceled because there was no heat in the building. So we decided to drive around Columbus. We stopped off and picked up my older brother, then went out to the shopping center on Morse Road. After going from store to store, we decided to go to Ryan's Steakhouse for lunch.

After lunch, I made a wrong turn on Cleveland Avenue and had to turn around. We ended up on Cleveland and Route 161. We saw crowds standing on the street, so we pulled over to see what was going on. We found out the Olympic Torch was coming our way. We decided to stay, because my older brother had never seen the torch before. I had seen the torch from the Summer Olympics in 1996, when it had gone down West Broad Street.

As we stood there, a vendor came through selling commemorative T-shirts for $10 a piece. The shirt had a list of all the places the torch would be going through on the back, so I bought one. A Coke truck drove by. It was passing out free bottles of Coke to commemorate the 2002 Winter Olympics. Then, another truck drove by passing out pennant shaped flags. "I saw the flame" was written on them. About fifteen minutes later, the torch runner came through. It was an awesome sight.

About half an hour later, the torch runner came back towards us to meet his ride. I called him over to see if I could get his autograph. As I handed him a paper and pen, he asked if I would like to hold the torch.

He handed me the torch. There are no words to describe the feeling I felt just holding the torch. It was truly mind blowing. I guess the only thing I can compare it to is my wedding. Each was a memorable day, almost like a dream— one that I never wanted to wake up from. Both days we took lots of pictures.

Long after he walked away, I was still excited. I just couldn't stop talking about it. I left Cleveland Avenue and Route 161 with a commemorative T-shirt, commemorative bottle of Coke, a pennant, pictures, and a great memory of holding the 2002 Olympic Torch.

-Margaret Carter

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THE HISTORY OF THE FLXIBLE

Hugo H. Young, who operated a motorcycle sales agency in Mansfield, Ohio, was also an inventor. He would take an idea and develop it into a marketable product. In 1912, he had invented a flexible connection that attached the sidecar to the motorcycle. Flxible Company was incorporated in 1914 and went into full production of the sidecars on North Spring Street in Loudonville, Ohio. Sales expanded so rapidly that Flxible needed to expand, building a new and larger building in 1916.

After World War I, sidecar sales started to decline, and losses in 1923 and 1924 amounted to $39,000. With sales being $211,000, Flxible needed to do something soon, so in 1924, Flxible Company started experimenting on bus bodies and buses. Bus production started as they built the first 12-passenger bus on a Studebaker chassis and delivered it to E.L. Harter, who started a bus line from Ashland, Ohio, to Mt. Vernon, Ohio. As Flxible started production of buses, things were going well; however, in 1925, they began the building of funeral cars and ambulances. In 1927, the U.S. Navy became a regular customer for the buying of ambulances.

As the economy slowed down in 1930, the worst years of the Depression were hurting the bus business, but they escalated the sales of hearses and ambulances. The building of ambulances and hearses kept Flxible afloat until World War II when it joined the war effort in building plane parts and frames and rudders for Goodyear blimps. It also served as a subcontractor to build trailers for Fruehauf Corporation.

After the war, the demand for buses grew. Ambulance and hearse building was discontinued in 1964. At this time bus production started to pick up; buses were being made for special uses and people -- such as the Ohio Department of Health, Mobil X-ray Units, prison buses, and the Harlem Globe Trotters.

From 1944 to 1949, Flxible sold 251 coaches to Canada, and from 1950 to 1954, it exported 106 buses to Mexico and 40 to Brazil. In 1954 to 1970, Flxible again redesigned the coach, making it longer and higher. Not only cities like New York and Chicago wanted this new bus called the Hi-Level, but so did celebrities such as Antoine "Fats" Domino, Elvis Presley, the Blackwood Brothers Quartet and the Statesmen Quartet.

In 1970, Flxible merged with Rohr Corporation. Orders began to drop again, going up slightly in 1976. Then, in 1976 Grumman Corporation bought out Rohr Corporation and designed a new bus called the "870." The market started to rise, especially in 1980 when approximately 2,000 coaches were built.

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Grumman Corporation was having some inner corporation problems and decided to sell in 1982 to General Automotive. Things went fairly well for a while, but then in the latter part of 1982 to 1995 orders averaged from 500 to 1,000 coaches, which caused the laying off of employees. General Automotive Corporation filed bankruptcy June 5, 1996. The company had been done in by front office management and not by the market because employees left with a back load of 1,500 buses yet to build.

Summary of my own personal experience and feelings:

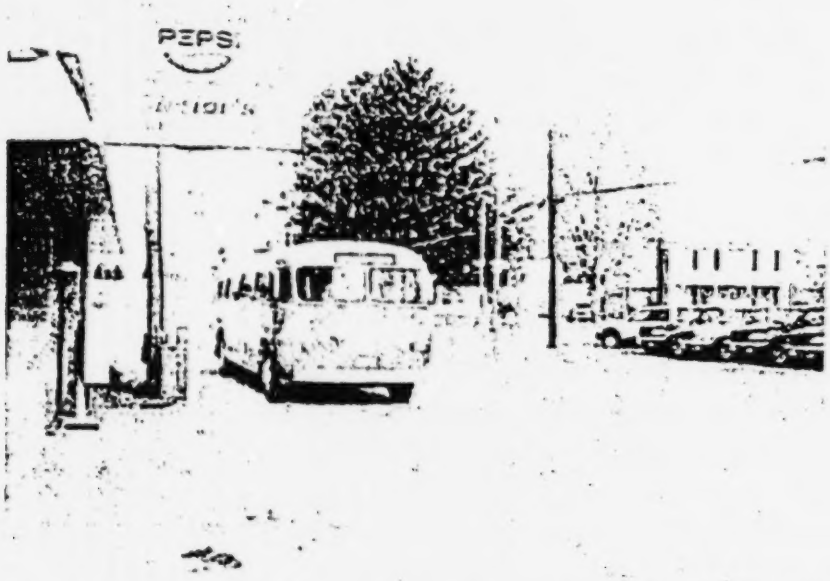
Writing this essay was exciting for me because I was an employee from April 30, 1968 to June 5, 1996. We were still building the Hi-Level as well as other inner city buses. I worked on the floor crew, laying the flooring in the buses. After a few years, I became a metal shear operator for almost ten years. Then, changing the pace, I became an inspector of parts, and later I ran a radial drill and spot welder. As most of us were old timers, we were one big happy family. We all had about the same amount of time or more in. Things were great until General Automotive Corporation took over. G.A.C. had passed out T-shirts saying, "It's a new ball game." How true it was.

Soon there were voluntary layoffs two weeks at a time. This went on for two or three months. Then, the layoffs started to be permanent, keeping only a few of us to run parts. We had a lot of pride in our work and did the best we could even though we weren't sure of our jobs. They were telling us it would get better, and we hoped – until June 5, 1996, when the company told us it was over. We were all devastated; some had tears in their eyes. It was like we lost our family. We all had hopes of it starting back up. Two years went by. Jobs were hard to come by at our age, but we had to try. Some of us found jobs, and some didn't, but with family and friends we did survive.

Alan Mellor

Ebert, Robert R., Ph.D. (2001). Flxible: a history of the bus and the company. Yellow Springs, OH: Antique Power, Inc.

There is a Flxible bus rally in Loudonville every other year. The two pictures below are of buses that came to the 2001 Bus Rally. The restaurant in the photos is owned by Alan and Mary Mellor.



This Flxible bus is a 1967 Flxible Starliner owned by Tom and Dianne Reed of Ashland, Ohio. It is preserved as a seat bus.

This bus is a Flxible 1969 inner-city bus. Ralph and Joanne Cline own this bus, which they have converted into a very nice motor home.

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THE BLIZZARD OF 1978

I am from Lima, Ohio. I came here, to Columbus, Ohio, in 1986. I worked at Ohio State University for five years. I left and went to Illinois to help my mom out and then came back to Columbus, Ohio, by train and worked as a parking lot attendant. The pay was $2.35 an hour. I had been there for 10 hours in 1978, when the storm hit. Only the employees showed up to work. I had been there for three hours then everyone had gone home after that. I had to work from 2 a.m. until 10 p.m. I only had one-hour rest then I went back to work. I also got one week with pay. It was a parking lot you could get to off of Broad or High Street. The parking lot office was at 50 West Broad Street on floor 93, from Tower Parking before the bank at Broad and High was built.

My bosses were Dick Robinson and John Moore. They called my house at 2 a.m. and told me to get ready to work all day. We also had the hospital walks and the garage to plow the snow away. It had been cold outside. I walked from First and High to Broad Street. My address was 73 First Ave. and my rent was $175.00 a month. I did not have an electric bill only a phone bill. The telephone was only $35.00. The smallest bill was $32.50. I lived in the Short North for about nine years and then I moved to the Westside. Then I moved back to the Short North at 140 Warren Street and then to 142 ½ Warren Street. I also moved on Innis Road Apt 213.

The storm was just like 1978, a bad year for me. No buses were running; you had to walk or stay home and stay warm. I had a girlfriend, and she asked me to stay home with her. My friends, Al and Paula Parson were in Columbus in 1978 and could not get home that year. I've known them for about 15 years, so I had the keys to their house and to their store. They trust me. I took care of their pets, Kelly, Cleo, and Garb, the cat. I took care of the house and "This or That" store, warehouse and also the Rec. I also take care of the mail and stayed for weeks at a time. I had fun doing that.

-Jerry Stroble

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MY EXPERIENCES IN HIGH SCHOOL IN THE PHILIPPINES AND OHIO

First of all, I love to play music, and I really enjoy it. Because of that, music destroyed my studies. You know why? In my younger days, at sixteen years old, I was already performing in clubs, bars, and some outdoor parties back in the Philippines. I never thought about coming back to school anymore because I thought those days would last forever, traveling from place to place with some old and new friends, and girls.

Then it happened that one lady got a crush on me as a young stage performer, and guess what...she was a chemical engineer! She was a little bit older than me, but she was fine! I felt ashamed or that something was missing in my life. I just didn't feel comfortable when I was with her. The second lady that I met was a college graduate. At that time, I started to realize that I needed to go back to high school, but how? I was ashamed to go back to high school because my former classmates were already in the second year of college at that time, and I was too old to study in the high school again.

The good news is that when I came to this great nation, the USA, I found hope, freedom, and most of all my future. I am studying at the North Education Center in Columbus, Ohio, for my GED under Mrs. Carole Smithers, at a school that really helps everyone in need regardless of age, religion, or the color of your skin. So now, to my friends, I would say, "It's not too late!" We might be slow, but we will get there. And thanks to the United States of America and Ohio, for I found my future and my hope!

-Jimmy Siglos

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Author Biographies

GUY BRIDGEFORTH (p. 30)
I am grateful that I've been blessed to live two lives in one lifetime. I'm glad that I got to go back to school after 20 years. I really believe that education is a journey of discovery, and it is a great benefit to have a teacher (Carol Smithers) that really cares about my progress and accomplishments.

MARGARET CARTER (p. 32)
I was born at home on the westside of Columbus on January 12, 1967. I was raised by my parents, Lillian and William Wholaver Sr. I have one older brother, James L. Ward Jr., and two younger brothers, William Wholaver Jr. and Gary Lee Wholaver. I also have an adopted sister Tammy Smith. I live with my husband of five years, Richard Carter, and my three dogs— Pudgy, a St. Bernard; Jasmine, a Beagle/Hound mix; and Morning Glory, a mixed-breed. I'm a full-time housewife studying for my GED. My hobbies are reading, camping, and watching old classic movies.

MIKE GECSEDI (p. 24)
I am attending ABLE to get my GED. I am 46 years old. I have been married for 30 years and have two boys. I like hunting and fishing. My goals are to get a diploma and go on from there.

DENISE HANKS (p. 7)

VICKIE HARGRAVES (p. 21)

CASSANDRA HARLACH (p. 13)

KARLA HOWARD (p. 18)
I attend Jefferson Center in Springfield, Ohio, to receive my GED. I also work as a nursing assistant at Oakwood Village Nursing Home.

I became interested in the history writing contest in memory of my uncle William Daniels. His quest to restore the Gammon House was a dream he very much wanted to fulfill. As a child he was raised next door to the Gammon House. He had told many stories that he had heard over the years. No one was keeping up the property and the house was deteriorating. He purchased the house in the early 1900's. He passed away and left the property to his friend, who is now fulfilling my uncle's dreams to restore the house for its history.

TREVA JACKSON (p. 20)
I'm 33 years old and I have five beautiful girls and one handsome little boy. I reside in Columbus, Ohio. I'm very thankful for having my essay chosen. First of all I would like to give thanks to the Lord above and secondly to my teachers Karen and Mary Jane. I love you both.

JAN JAY (p. 31)
I was a G.I. wife when I came to the United States. My three sons were born in Columbus, Ohio. Before, I helped with my husband's business. I worked long hours at my job. Not only was there no time to go to school, but not much time to eat and sleep. After I retired and my husband passed away, I felt too lonely and bored. I started school to learn English. Now, I do volunteer work for the Chinese community and our Chinese Christian Church. I help the seniors, interpret for people when they go to the doctor or the hospital, etc. I really need to learn more English so that I can help more people. My hobby is baking and cooking. I bake for my Sunday school class and my class at school.

ANTHONY JENKINS (p. 2)
I am 17 years old and plan on becoming a fireman and attending some type of art college in the future. I would like to thank those who gave me faith when mine was done.

NADER KAYALI (p. 2)
I have recently attended a GED class. I also took the GED exam not too long ago. I am going to attend Columbus State Community College, and then I will transfer to OSU. I am proud of taking my GED as I now am graduating a year earlier. Before I attended high school in Egypt. I am a 17-year-old Egyptian. Egypt taught me British grammar and that is really helping me now.

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MARCIA LONES (p. 11, p. 26)
I have a learning disability and have trouble concentrating, but I have determination to learn to write. This was very hard for me. God helped me to do this. I'm very proud and happy to be in this book. I like to read and go to the movies.

KARLITA LOVE (p. 17)
I would like to become a nurse after I get my GED. Sometime in the future I would like to look into writing.

ALAN MELLOR (p. 33)
I have been married for 19 years to my wife Mary. I have three children, two girls and one boy. I have seven grandchildren - all girls! My wife and I own a restaurant called Mellor Family Restaurant. I have worked two jobs which both closed causing me to be unemployed. I am taking my GED and enjoying it a lot because I have a good teacher.

IDA OSBORN (p. 16)
I raised one child. I quit school in the middle of 9th grade. I got married at age 18, but it didn't last. I stayed single until I was 25 then I remarried. He passed away. I married two more times. But now I am trying to get my GED. Thanks to Mary Jane & Karen, my two teachers.

YVES PEREZ (p. 27)
I've lived in Ohio for about 1 1/2 years. I come to school two days a week. School is helping me get my GED. I work six days at the GAP. It's nice. Before I got the job, I didn't have any money. Now I spend money on clothes, video games, rent and food. On the weekends, I play basketball with my friends.

AMYLYN PERRY (p. 4)
I am a student of ABLE. This story is dedicated to my great-grandmother, Mary Ellen Vincent. She lived from March 1907- April 2001.

REBECCA ROBINSON (p. 10)
I have lived in Columbus, Ohio, all of my life. I now live in the same house I grew up in and my children are going to the same schools that I attended. The four oldest of my seven children had the same kindergarten teacher that I had!

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DENISE SALAIS (p. 8)
I am an ABLE student. Thank you for choosing my essay and thank you to my teacher, Karen, for giving me the strength and support to write it.

FAYE SHEARS (p. 6)
I was born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1944. We moved to Waverly, Ohio, where I attended school through the 11th grade. I got married in 1963 to Roy Shears. We had three sons. My husband died in 1997. My boys, James, Billy and Frankie, are living with me. I serve the Lord and he takes care of me. I go to church every Sunday. I go to school every time the doors are open.

JIMMY SIGLOS (p. 37)
I've lived in the USA for ten years. I've worked as a dishwasher, cook, supervisor at a glass company, and as a stocker at Target. Now I'm in school to improve my skills and get a GED. I still work two jobs, and I play in a band on the weekend. I've played in the band for twenty years now.

JERRY STROBLE (p. 36)
My name is Jerry Stroble. I will be 57 on May 18th. I was born in 1945 in Lima, Ohio. I moved to Columbus in June of 1958. I work as a maintenance worker here in Columbus.

SAMUEL TOLLIVER (p. 12)
Thank you for choosing my essay. Lisa and I really had a good time writing our essay together. Hope you enjoyed reading just a little about me and my life.

RUTH VILLARREAL (p. 19)
I am married and have two children. I recently passed my exam to get an Ohio Driver's License. I work full-time at the Hilton Hotel. My hobbies are sewing and baking.

LISA WRIGHT (p. 12)
I have two children, Josh and Kyle, and a husband named Dwight. I keep very busy trying to go to school, helping out with homework, and running our farm. Life has had many challenges along the way, but it is always worth it.

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